PHOTOPLAYS AND **PHOTOPLAYERS**

THE BEST Photoplay Department in WASHINGTON

"Artistic Youngster" . Is What Veteran Actress Calls Photoplay.

"The photoplay? Terhaps! Let us hope so.

Ordinarily it isn't polite to add to such a quotation that it was the state-of "one of the vergrans of the stage" and attach a woman's name to it. Bccause the word "veteran" indicates. s certain number of years, and years and a woman are generally supposed to be strangers. But in the case of Ada Bosfell, who really made use of the quoted words in just the way they are oucted, it would be neither impolite or in the least bit augrestive of years to add the seteran part of the phrase. Anyone who saw Mrs. Boshell in "The Little Min-later" with Maune Adams last week knows exactly what is mean'.

And for those who were not so fortunate it might be proper to state that the acress is one of the wholesome, kindly, and altogether lov-"mothers" of the stage, who has been one of the reasons for the faith and the trust of an enormous number of people in the dramatic profession since the days of the nivil war. Ada Boshell was an actress during the civil war. She mayed parts in plays that were acted before President Lincoin. And she has been continuously and steadily on the stage ever since-excepting only for the time she has acted in motion

for the time she has acted in motion pictures.

"Motion pictures hit the young and old of the acting profession alike," Mrs. Boshell decisted on the occasion of her interview. "It rebs the cradle and then comes along as vigerable and the reges twinkled humorously.

"You know I used to say I hated the motion pictures. I did, really. And I had reason to. They were very seriously interfering with our business. They were getting every-hody at greet big salaries and turning the heads of our young folks. Why, do you know they almost got this child once," and she patted the hand of Florence Rittenhouse, of the Poli Players, whose guest she was while in Washington last week. "But they didn't get her. That is the reason she is here in Washington."

"But they didn't get her. That is the reason she is here in Washington.

"What do us old folks of the stage think of the pictures? Frankly, I don't know. The photopylay-perhaps: It may come to perfection. Let us hope so. I know a little about it because I have acted in it. I rather liked some of my work and some of it I didn't like. I don't believe there has yet been developed a real photoplay although there isn't any reason to believe it will not be developed. I have worked with the hanhouser company at New Rochelle in several pictures. It was most interesting and fascinating.

"There was no audience, of course. And that made a hig difference. But I managed to get an idea of what we were trying to do and did it to the best of my ability. I rather liked that part of it. I didn't like the waits for work and the seemingly senzeless way the things were being done—a scene from the end of the play here and from the middle next and then from the beginning. There was a real reason for it, though, which I soon understood and appreciated.

wirich I soon understood and appre-

"it isn't easy for us of the stage who have lived so long with it and for it to see this artistic youngster spring up so quickly and attain such vigor. It required years for vaude-ville to reach the stage where it robbed the leading and the property of the

vigor. It required years for vaudevilleto reach the stage where it robbed
the legitimate of the people who had
made it. But the motion pictures
seem to have accomplished the
thing quickly and finally. They have
done it—i was going to say complete
by but I guess I'd not make myself
onte clear. We who have worked
so hard and so long to make theatergoers laugh and cry feel just a bit
sad ahout the way they are being
made to laugh and cry by a strip of
celluloid pulled through a box.

The theater has meant a great
deal more to most of us than just a
way to make a living. It has meant
something more than simply every
day work. To provide amusement
and recreation for a great houseful
of people, to know that it is you who
are conferring on them the happiness of laughter or the freedom of
tears or are making them think of
something it is good for them to
think about—it is a great thing, as
great a thing as I know anything
about. And that is probably why
we ancients and honorables feel a
bit resentful of the motion pictures.

But if the motion pictures carry
on what we have been doing—and
there doesn't seem to be any reason
to believe they will not—why more
nower to 'em. I think maybe they
will Certainly if men like Mr. Thanhouser and some of the others I
kaow have their way the pictures
will do it. But there is one thing—
they won't ever call me the grayhaired Mary Pickford—ne matter

they won't ever call me the 'gray-haired Many Pickford'—no matter what I do I'll always be the same Ada Boshell."

Army and Navy

ARMY.

Leave for seven days granted Second Light, Leo G. Heffernan, Fifth cavalry. The detail of First Light, Edgar Z. Steever, third, Eleventh infantry, for duty in the office of the chief of staff is extended until further orders.

Leave for one month, with permission to visit China and Japan, granted Light, Col. Thomas H. Slavens, quartermaster corps, Philipping department.

Leave for four days granted First.

Leave for four days granted First Lieut, Francis H. Farnum, infantry. First Lieut, Kenneth S. Jerkins, Fifth field artillery, to Fort Sill, Ohla, school of fire for Field Artillery.

NAVY.

Lieut. H. D. McHenry, detached Ten-nessee January 3, to connection fitting out Nevada and on board when com-missioned. Lieut, R. H. Hammes, detached Minne-

sola, to Tennessee.

Lieut. E. P. Wenzell, detached Minnesola, to Tennessee.

MOVEMENTS OF VESSELS. Sailed-Cleveland, from Corinto for

Sylph at Indian Head, I tan at New York yard.
The Celtic will leave West Indian waters about he first of February for the Boston yard for docking. From Poston the vessel will proceed to the New York yard and will leave that port about the twenty-ninth of February for

to resume duty at hat station.



MARGARET PRUSSING.

Who appears in "The Ring of the Borgias' 'at the Masonic Auditorium

The New Adventure of J. Rufus Wallingford Read It Here Now-Then See It in Moving Pictures

Lundy estate: "this gentleman claims

to be Richard Lundy, and I'll have to

stey and settle the estate."

Gave me that--

(Continued From Yesterday.) Both Percy and Wallingford looked survely, ignoring the missing held toward the cigar store door, but there was nothing to be seen. J. Rufus, eternally alert, walked over in that direction, and there, behind the angle, he beheld Onion Jones, most marvelously got up, wide felt hat, red handkerchief around his neck, stiff brown shooting coat, wrinkled top-boots with the trous-ers stuffed in them.
"What the—"

"What the—"
"Sh!" And the fat paim of Onion came up with a warning gesture. "Get rid of your party, quick!"
"Huh!" Much perplexed, Wallingford joined the nervously waiting Hutch in the lobby. "Go on up to the office. I'll be there in a minute."
"What is it?" husked Hutch, fear suddenly filling him to the oozing point. "Better lay low." whispered J. Itufus, studying Percy with a dawning smile. "Don't stir from the office till you hear from me."
"I won't." promised Hutch. And he hurried back to the elevator.
"Now what's up;" demanded Wallingford, joining Onion Jones.
"Blackle wants you over at your rooms right away," mumored Onion aglitatedly. "No; you're not to telephone. You're to slam straight over, and I'm to sneak upstairs and shadow the boob."
"Huh!" said Wallingford, and he ran

"Huh!" said Wallingford, and he ran is fingers through his hair in per-lexity. "Why are you wearing that fool make-up?"
"Ask Blackle. Hustle, Jim!" and he fairly pushed Wallingford out to the

waiting limousine. The instant the car started Onion Jones hurried into the elevator, and a minute and a half later entered the office of P. W. Hutch, at-"This is Mr. Hutch," he stated with

pleasant assurance.
"What do you want?" asked Percy, standing behind the desk, the black bog between his feet. etween his feet.
"Well, Mr. Hutch, I'm the missing! heir:" announced Onion, removing the soft felt hat and resting it on his hip, while Percy gazed in stupefaction on

that glistening cranium. "When I sent you that letter from Chicago, I thought I wouldn't get here until tomorrow morning, but I beat it on the same train as the letter. Howdydo" And he ex-

as the fetter. Howdydo." And he extended a fat palm.

"Y-yes," acknowledged Percy, looking at the fat palm, but he drew back
his own hand: "of course, Mr. Lundy,
you'll have to identify yourself."

"Oh, will I?" This missing help's nails
made four pink streaks on his desaring. desk.
"How much will we give him, Jim""
"th, the tickets and a couple of thou-sand," considered Wallingford, and a shrd! splutter came from beneath the made four pink streaks on his gleaming scalp. "Well. Mr. Hutch, of you're going to run in any rankaboo on me. especially after holding out my \$10,000 stemach, and gasped violent objections a year for five years. I'll have you until Blackie pushed him gently back in

a year for five years. I'll have you his chair, pinched right now and identify myself his chair. "Hush, Percy," he admonished, "we're

The-there's no need to be hasty. Mr. Lundy." quavered Percy, struggling among a thousand decressing thoughts. "If you are Mr. Lundy—"
"If I am!" velled the missing heir. Landy.

"Look here, you flutch: I'm Willie Hep to you! You've been nutting a crimp in my rightful fortune, and if you hand me any of your lip. I'll strine your coat crossways. Settle quick, and you zet off easy. Give me what's left, and I won't say a word about your you. I won't say a word about what you swiped. I'll give you ten minutes."

And the missing heir glanced appre-

honsively toward the dor.

Percy Hutch beused. The language of the missing helt was not quite the language of his letters, and the offer of the missing heir was suspiciously generated. On the other hand, the missing helr knew some important facts, and he seemed to have an idea of vigorous methods

Salled-Cleveland, 1100.
Ealboa.
Arrived-C-1, C-2, C-3, C-4, and C-5 at Cristobal; G-1 at Newport; Potomar and Severn at Cristobal; Raleigh at San Diego; Sacramento at Hampton Roads; Saturn and Yorktown at Mare Island; Sylph at Indian Head, Ctah at New York yard.

The Coltic will leave West Indian Diego; Sacrame on this plece of panner. "You can't settle an estate in ten ninutes, Mr. Lundy," argued Percy, in lesperation. After all, he was an at-

Onion Jones gulped with the shock of that suggestion, and just then he beard a noise at the door.
"Give me that money!" he howled.
The knob turned and the door opened.

Shoul the twenty-ninth of February for Guantanamo.

The Melvide, now at the Philadeiphia and in walked J. Rufus Wallingford and the door opened.

The knob turned and the door opened. The knob turned and the door opened and the door o

TODAY'S BEST FILMS

By GARDNER MACK.

"The Battles of a Nation" (American Correspondent Film Company), the Casino, Seventh, near F street. Donald Brian in "The Voice in the Foz." adapted from the story by Harold MacGrath (Faramount Fictures), the Leader, Ninth, between E and F streets.

Margaret Prussing in "The Ring of the Borgias" (Edison), the Masonic Auditorium, Thirteenth street and

New York avenue. Hobart Henley in "Graft," first installment, by Irving S. Cobb (Universal), the Albambra, 519 Seventh

street.

Darwin Karr in "The Losing Game"
(Essanoy), the Revere, Georgia avenue and Park read

Edward Connelly in "Marse Tovington" (Metro Pictures), the Olympic, 1831 U street.

Murdock MacQuarrie in "Colonel Steel, Marier Gamblei" (Universal), the Himodrome New York avenue and Ninth street.

Maclyn Arbuckle in "The Reform Candidate" (Palles Pictures) and Dorothy Bernard in The Failure" (Griffith-Elogiaph), Joew's Columbia, Twelfth and F streets.

William Fainum and Dorothy Per-

William Farnum and Dorothy Per-nerd in "A Soldier's Oath" (Fox Film Co.), Crandall's, Ninth and E streets.
Julia Dean in "Matrimory" and
Raymond Hitchcock, Mabel Normend and Mack Sensett in "Stolen
Magic" (Trangle Films), the Gar-E streets. den, 423 Ninth street

Note—These selections are made from programs prepared by the managers of the theaters concerned, and no responsibility is assumed for arbitrary changes without notice to The Times. They are based on the personality of the players and the producing company and not sonal inspection, except in cases.

OPPOSE PLANS OF D. C. COMMISSIONERS

Board of Trade School Committee Favors Present Method of School Supervision.

The recommendation of the Commissioners, that they be given supervision of the nublic schools, was discussed at a meeting of the public schools committee of the Washington Board of Trade vesterony. Members of the committee expressed themselves, almost mani-mously, as being in favor of continuing the present method of school seper-vision by the Board of Education. The matter was referred to a subcommittee with instructions to go into the ques-

with instructions to 20 into the chestion further and report to the committee prior to the next meeting of the board. The subcommittee consists of the following: William R. Jian, chairman, Gustave Lochier, N. M. Minnix, W. H. Callahan and P. D. Cope.

A recommendation that the medical inspection of public schools to placed inder the District Public Hea'th Officer, was referred to a subcommittee controsed of Og'e P. Singleton, chairman, P. E. Fletcher, and Dr. Douglas H. Kincaid.

The officers of the public school committee are Frederick A. Fenning, chairman, E. Wright Ilversen, first vice chairman, Pr. Herbert E. Martye, second vice chairman, and Meed C. Flather, secretary

"Ready, Hutch" asked Wallingford "Why, no," faltered the trustee of the

'Don't Cuss in This Jail," **Prisoners Get Religion**

The speech of the missing heir was suddenly interrupted from behind by a clasp on the collar so firm and se tight that if choked him. The steel-like hand of Horace G. Daw was on that the collar suddenly and the other steel-like hand SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 22 - The "no ussin' sign' has been displayed at the penitentiary, as a result of the recent revival conducted in the chapel at the collar, and the other steel-like hand now clutched the missing heir by the slack of the cordulary trousers, while the pointed black musineres of Mr. Daw lifted displayed two roys of smarling white teeth. Thereurem the missing heir, entirely obtained his own volition, began to walk Spanish toward the door. It was the space J. Eufus who opened that door, his own stably mustache lifted to reveal two roys of smalling white teeth, and it was the possible, and that if the man strictly observed the new movement, there will be better results obtained in the future. polished boot which assisted the missing heir into the hall.
"The fathead!" panted Mr. Wallingford to Mr. Daw, as they stammed the door.

saving you from further crime. You've been letraying a sacred trust. Percy. heen letraying a same and we're removing temptation from 'Yes," arreed J. Rufus, looking dow

door.

They found Mr. Haich regarding them with widening eves as they confronted him, and the upper lin of Mi. Hutch was lifted, revealing two rows of snarling white teeth.

"It's a frame-up" charged Percy, excitedly. "You get not to draw all this money so you could take me to South America and skin me."

"Some guess," admitted Wallingford, as Blackle slipped the bolt of the door. "Tut this an ateur double-crosser gunmed the schedule." "Now look here, Perce." Blackle stepped braskly up to the desk. "The first thing you're to remember is not to holier, or you'll get us all pinched. Where's that beg!"

"Between his feet," called Walling. at him sympathetically: 'see how well of you can be in place of in jail, where you belong. You can no to South America and lead a better and more itselfille. How much is in the bag, Blackio." "Just a minute," beyond the new trus-tee of the Lundy estate, and finished counting the neat little packs of but bills. "Fifty-six thousand six hundred add, Jim."

"Give him five thousand and the bag," generously decided Wallingford.
"Til have you crooks pinched" shricked Porcy

shricked Porcy.

"Don't aggravate us, you cheap embezzier." scorned Wallingford. "You can't identify money and you can't prove that we took this. All you'll est if you raise a heller is an investigation and any bonest jury would know that you charged us the theft in a feeble attenut to hide your own. They'd soak you fifteen years. Why we'd help send you over, you hollow mu! they min four thousand, blackie." "Dann it, Wallingford—"

"Three thousand, blackie." And Percy Hutch closed his lips lightly for fear he might say more. Where's that bas!"
"Between his feet!" called Wallingford, peering through the opening of
the desk, and Blackle and Mr. liutch
bobbed down at the same time. They
laid hold on the black has beneath the
desk from opposite sides, and fulled
ard hauled.
Suddenly Hotel, sto ped the struggle
with a loud "linh" for Jim Walling
ford had pulled Percy's knees from under him and had sat on him.
Blackle threw bash his rayen looks as

might say more.
"Do not be harsh, limmy," grinned Blackie. He had been fooking down thoughtfully into the bag. He took out the Warden forty thousand dollars and wrapped the money in a newspaper, he took out ien thousand for the expense fund and slipped it in his pocket; then he dropped the steamer tickets in with what was left. "I prefer even money," he explained "Percy gets Onion's he explained "Percy gets Onion's share. Jim. I don't like the missing hele's work, It's rough stuff." (Another Adventure Next Week)

Healthful Sleep

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JOLLY WOMEN WITH \$2,500 PLAN ROMP

Fifteen Plump German Joy-Seekers to Spend Money Bequeathed for Laughs.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.-Broadway exects to be descended upon today by fifteen staid and middle-aged women of Hoboken Pleasure Club, equipped with a map of the White Light district and the 12,500 that seventy-five-year-old Mrs. Augustus Pape willed them before she died two weeks ago, "to be expended in laughs because she felt so grateful and so tolly." Of the fifteen amply proportioned and

exceedingly jolly German women in the Hoboken Pleasure Club, none was more ample nor jolly than Mrs. Pape. She played pinochle with as much enthusiasm as a seventy-five-year-old lady may be expected to exhibit, danced with all the grace her rheumatism permitted and sang "Deutschland Uber Alles" Iwo hours before departing forever from the jullity of this mundane sphere. Mrs. Pape was the widow of Dr. Gotthold Pape, maker of indigestion remedies. Today, if all goes as well as it should in such a jolly world, the fifteen expansive matrons will cram themselves into bulging taxicals and whisk through the glare of Long Acre square to the most brightly lighted and expensive lobster palace they can find. The combination of their placid mens and reckless flinging of cash will blabbergast all liveried flunkies, and when they line p at the theater of their choice, the altra-self-composed and poker-faced box office clerk muse surely gazo. weeks ago the fifteen all attended Mrs. Pape's funeral. After the jolly old lady's hashes had been mingled with those of her husband in the north Hudson crematory, the fifteen gathered at the home of Mrs. Member Anna L. C. Streckguss for a round of feasting and merrymaking and to make today's

ed Mrs. Streckfuss.
"Such a perfect dear," echoed Mrs.
Vogt, "and so kind. My, what a fine unetal that was!" hacks." smith.

"And music mit singing," comented dah, nun " said Mis. Sites and novelsion, "I think, girls, we go nov

DR. JOHNSON FALLS DYING ON DOORSTEP

Widely-known Washington Surgeon Succumbs Before Medical Aid Comes.

Dr. Henry L. E. Johnson, a prominent surgeon, was stricken with heart dis-ease on his doorstep as he was returning to his home, 1821 Jefferson place north-west, last night, and died before medical assistance could reach him. Dr. Johnson was returning from a

meeting of the board of governors of a many cheritable organizational hospital at the time of his death. His wife, Eugenia Reel I He had left his home early in the even-three brothers survive him.

By virtue of his surgical skill. Dr Johnson, who was a native Washing-tonian, having been born here fifty-six

years age, enjoyed a high place in the medical profession. He was the author of many papers on important topics dealing with medecine and surposy and for years was a delegate to national and international surgical conventions. He was appointed by the Secretary of State to confer with surgeons from other parts of the world during the Pan-American Exposition.

Dr. Johnson was a member of the American Medical Association, governor of the Sons of Colonial Wars, a charter member of the University Club, and of many charitable organizations.

His wife, Eugenia Reel Johnson, and these beathers appears to be the contractions of the Colonial Reel Johnson, and these beathers appears to be the colonial Reel Johnson, and



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